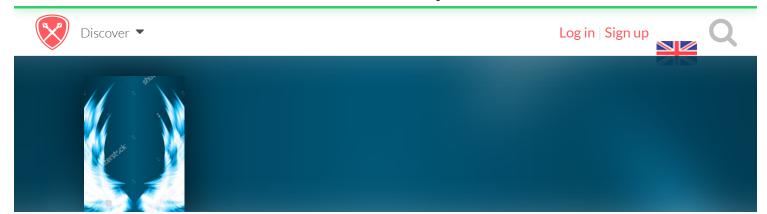
Wings 05/08/2020



Wings









Chapter 1 by The Harlequeen

"I didn't mean to steal them. I found them in the park. Yes. The park. I found them in the park. I was walking past the duck pond when I saw them. What time? Oh, one in the morning. Why? I couldn't sleep. So anyway, I meant to just walk past them, but they flew after me and fastened themselves onto my back. Can I take them off? No, probably not. Would I like to see my family again? I have nothing with which you can blackmail me. I have no family and no friends."

Chapter 2 by ArchAngel



Mad Mulhoon took the cigar from his mouth and leant back behind his desk. "So you've no family.... and no friends? Way I see it, that means nobody is going to miss you if, say, your body washes up downriver?"

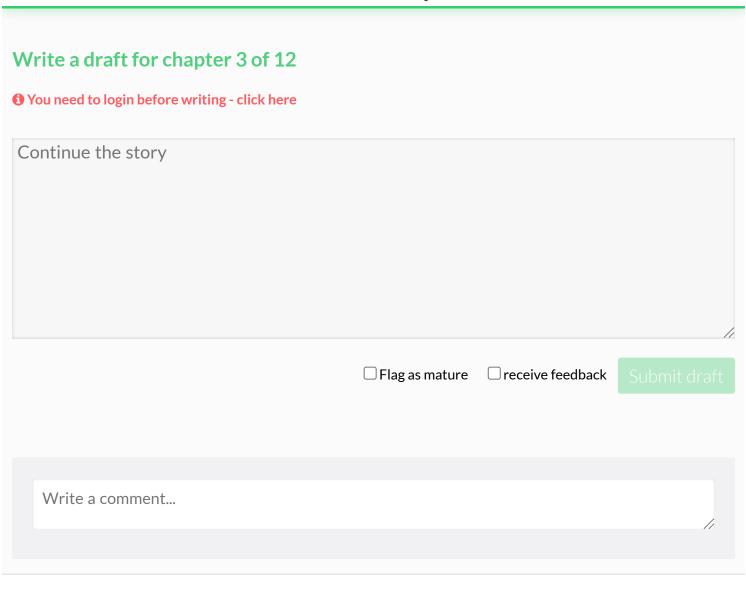
Kneeling on the rug before him was a teenager in a Killers T-shirt and skinny jeans, his face half hidden by a dark angular fringe. There was fear in his eyes but also a glint of defiance, his hands clenched into fists. But all Mad Mulhoon could see were the huge white wings arcing up behind the teenager's back.

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